

# Voodoo

## The Game

I'm, I'm a menace and a robber  
Voodoo put a hex on you  
.223 and a TEC-22  
Young nigga, we'll step on you  
Young nigga drop a check on you  
Chopper make a nigga lean on you  
Shot yo' mans up, made 'em bleed on you  
Bust a chopper, make it sneeze, achoo  
Married to the streets, say, "Yes I do"  
I'm, I'm a menace and a robber

I rob, I jack, I steal, I look in the mirror every day  
And I face my fears, they fear me 'cause my skin black as night  
I just wanna fill my appetite and kill  
My competitions still, outside with the steel  
I just wanna feed my daughter so I stick to corners up  
All the homies locked up or dead  
So I gotta step to step my performance up  
'Cause all the groceries stores is out of formula  
And my baby mama can't breastfeed  
'Cause her mammogram would suggest she  
Got stage three and stage fright  
So I stayed up all these late nights  
And I cook, I clean, I change diapers like a mother would  
Damn, baby shit had me throwin' up  
Had me rollin' up yet another 'Wood  
So I smoke to calm my nerves  
Sometimes I let niggas words push me off the cliff  
One arm hangin' off the ledge  
Fuckin' on top of bed bugs, dirty sheets  
Cum stains, blood stains  
Washin' powder, ten dollars each  
Can't wash the money 'cause we out of bleach  
Rain in the sky, pain in my eyes, babies cry when they hungry  
Snortin' tears in they nostrils, if anybody ask why I shot you  
It's 'cause-

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Trigger finger on the F&N (F&N)  
I don't give a F&N (F&N)  
Niggas know not to F with him  
'Cause I don't even F with them or F around  
Backpack to back, that pack to pound  
Strapped in the town with no lost and found  
No water in the park pool, still niggas drown  
Don't call yourself king, out here they steal niggas' crowns  
Out here they steal nigga's bitch, out here, I dare you make a sound

Everybody on the porch with torches, no porch lights  
No 911, no Porsche lights  
Barkin' with my dawgs and these Hellcats runnin' red lights, havin' horse fi  
ghts  
With the sticks on us when we hit corners  
With the bricks on us like it's Fortnite  
Bernie stone cold, all these long souls  
On these long roads in this short life  
Got me sniffin' the glue out of brown bag  
Voices talkin' to me through this clown mask  
Layin' in the pool of blood that's not mine  
With a Glock .9 takin' sound baths  
My uncle told me there'll be days like this  
Olde English sippin' with the K like this  
Cross my lap, cross my heart  
Hope to die, live more pain like this  
Ain't no regret, that's the code we kept  
Can't lay still so we overstep  
Through the nightmares, all the soldiers slept  
Nine years old when he stole a TEC and said-

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